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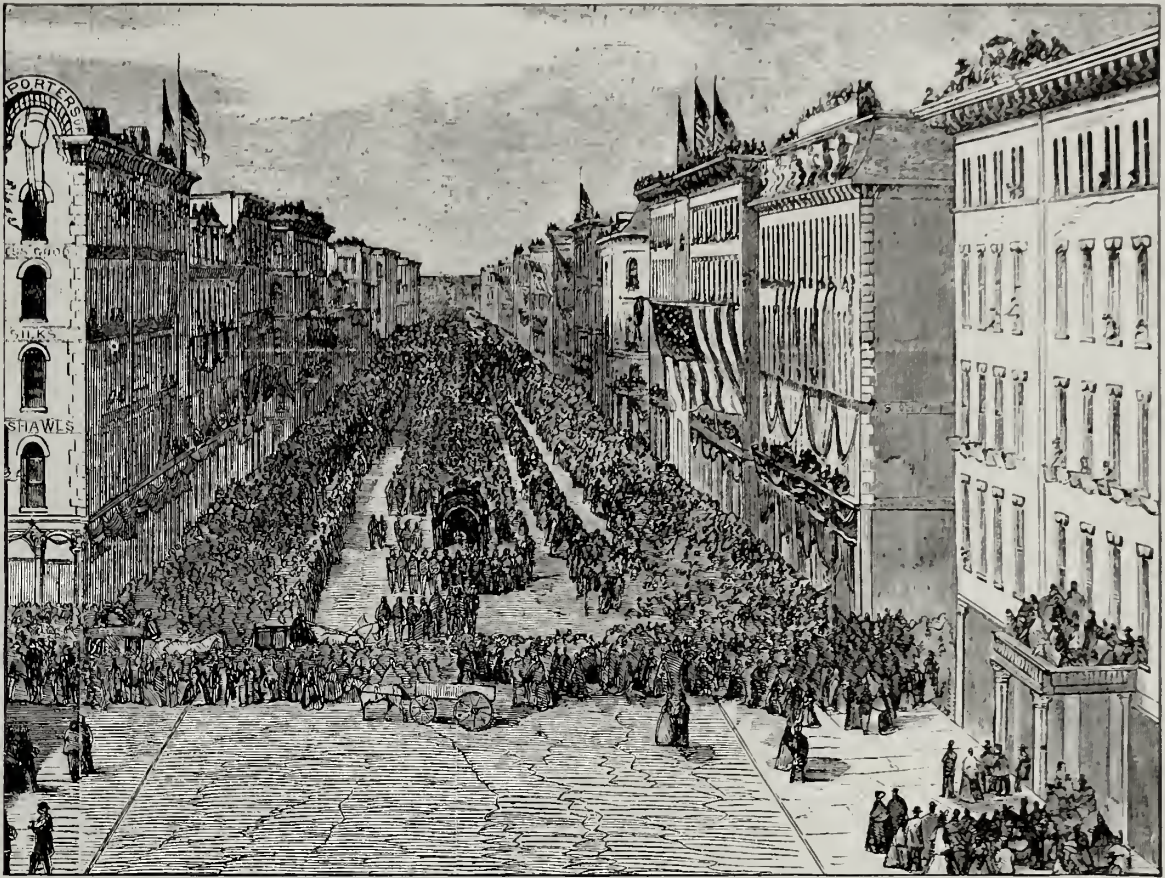
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From Harper's Weekly of 1865—Courtesy Chicago Public Library

The Funeral Procession of Lincoln in Chicago

Abraham Lincoln

Personal Reminiscences of the Chicago Funeral of the
Martyred President and Recollections of His Sons

By E. W. MILLER

THE subject of Abraham Lincoln has been written and re-written so many times that it would seem impossible to tell of a single Lincoln anecdote that hasn't been mulled over and over again until the public knows all the Lincoln stories by heart, and to tell them again would seem to be superfluous.

But Lincoln's birthday and the approaching date of his death brings to my mind the only time that I ever saw the martyred president, and the occasion was so sad a one, and made such an impression upon me that I shall carry the memory of it to the end of this

life. And as briefly as possible I will tell of the very small part that I took in the funeral services of Abraham Lincoln.

On the date of the assassination of Lincoln I was living on East Washington street near La Salle street, and my father was telegraph editor of the old *Chicago Times*; the *Times* office was then located on Randolph street, just west of State street, in Cyrus McCormick's building.

On the morning of April 15th, 1865, my father was late getting home (his usual hour being about 5 A. M., but it was all of seven o'clock before he came into the house) and

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announced to the family that he had just finished the hardest night he ever had experienced on a newspaper. That Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated, and the assassin had escaped. That he would have to report at the office as soon as he had a little sleep, and he referred us to the copy of the paper he had brought with him for further particulars. We eagerly devoured the black draped columns of the paper, and I recall that George M. Pullman called in company with Jake Rehm to find if my father had any later news than that printed in the paper. Pullman had his carpenter shop just across the street from our house, and Rehm was a lieutenant of police with headquarters in the old Peck house, where the Stock Exchange building now is. Pullman boarded at the Sherman House, and Jno. B. Drake and Marshall Field were his backers in building Pullman cars. The Pullman car works were at the foot of 14th street, and Mr. Pullman built his house at 18th street, so as to be handy to the works.

But I digress: The assassination of Lincoln made such a deep impression, that while I was a boy of ten years of age, I even now recall the hush with which the whole populace spoke to one another. There was an air of solemnity in the atmosphere that was catching. No other subject was touched upon, and the anathemas that were heaped upon the assassin were enough to consign him to the darkest depths and keep him there through all time and eternity. All political parties were united. There were no democrats or republicans, nothing but mourners.

The funeral of Abraham Lincoln in Chicago was the most impressive ceremony I have ever witnessed. The remains were brought to this city from Detroit over the Michigan Central road and the train halted at Park Row (12th street), where a procession, comprising all of the Civic and Military organizations, and the boy scholars of the Public Schools escorted them to the Court House. The pupils of the Dearborn School led the boys' division, and I marched hand-in-hand with Eugene Skinkle, who is the only living "alumni" that I have kept track of for a period of over half a century. The Dearborn school stood on Madison street, opposite McVickers Theater, and the elite from Wabash and Michigan avenue attended as well as the hoi polloi from further

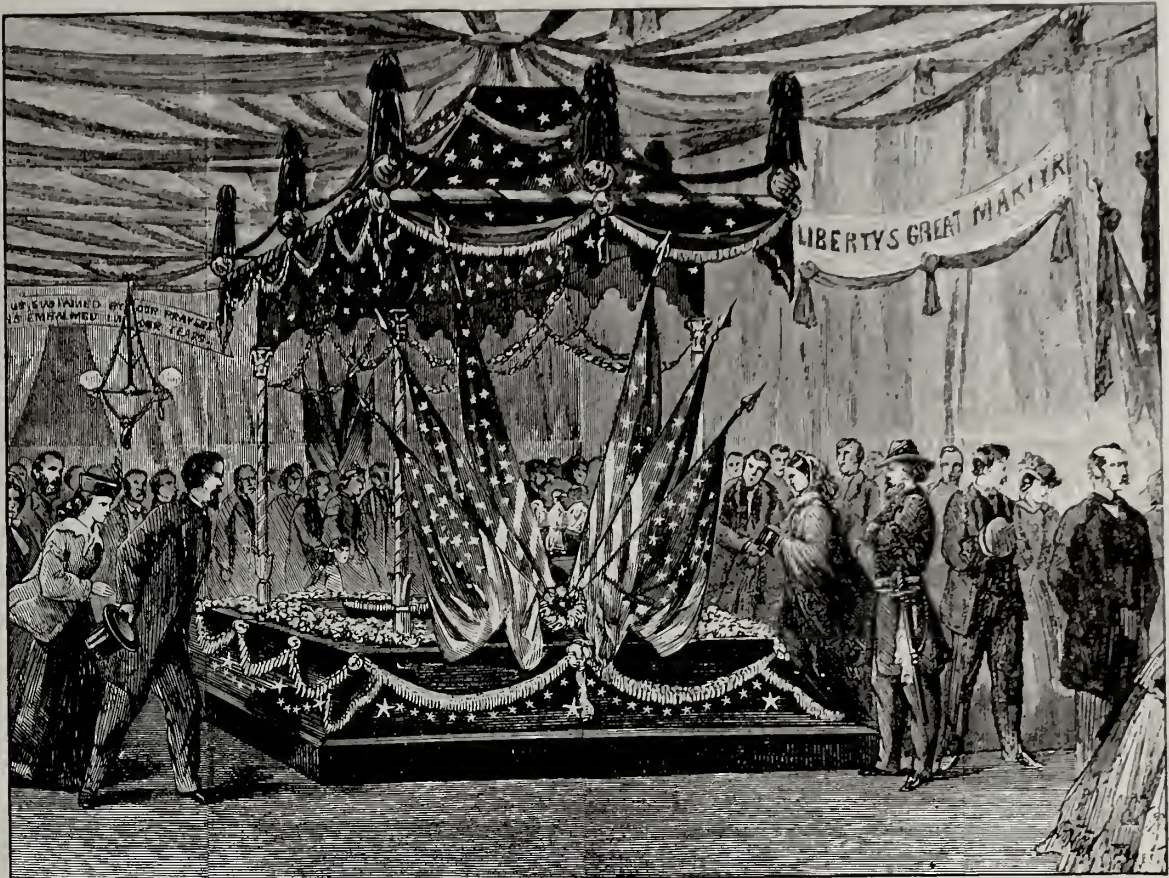
west. Gen. Joe Hooker led the procession with a large staff of aids, and among the pallbearers I recall that Long John Wentworth, Jno. Mason Loomis and Gen. Jos. Stockton were conspicuous. It seemed that most every prominent man in the city took part in the ceremony in one way or another, and the list of honorary bearers resembled the city directory.

It had rained the night before the procession, and as Michigan avenue was paved with gravel, it was a sea of mud that was ankle deep. Efforts were made to clean it, but they were futile; it took nearly two hours of sloshing around in the mud for the procession to reach the Court House, and install the remains in the rotunda, where the body rested under an imposing catafalque, which afterwards was exhibited in Wood's Museum and was consumed in the fire of '71.

The whole populace wanted to view Lincoln's remains, and four lines of people were passed through the building simultaneously at a fairly rapid rate; and at that it took four hours in the line before the catafalque could be reached. But through an acquaintance with Conrad Foltz, who had charge of the jail in the basement of the Court House, our family obtained admittance through a side door and thereby saved much time, and had a very good view of the remains. I can recall that Lincoln's face was very much drawn, and looked like that of a very old man; but having never seen him alive, I could make no comparison as to how he had looked in life.

I think that the remains of Lincoln lay in state in the Court House for two days, and were then moved on to their last resting place at Springfield, Ill. But the impression made by the long line of mourners, the funeral marches wailed out by the bands, and the tolling of the Court House bell, lasted for many days afterwards, and I know of no event since that so thoroughly moved the people of Chicago as did the funeral of Abraham Lincoln.

In all of the Lincoln stories that I have ever read, very little has ever been told of "Tad" (Thomas) Lincoln, who was the President's youngest son. Soon after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln Mrs. Lincoln and Tad came to Chicago to live. In the fall of '65 they lived at the old Clifton House, which stood on the southeast corner of Madison street and



From Harper's Weekly of 1865—Courtesy Chicago Public Library

Catafalque in Rotunda of Court House in Chicago

Wabash avenue, and at that period it was quite a fashionable hostelry. Joshua Barrell was the proprietor, and I think was an uncle of J. Finley Barrell, the well known broker. Tad Lincoln—then twelve years old—attended the Dearborn school, and Mr. Barrell brought him to and from school every day in his carriage. Tad had always been in poor health, and his education had been neglected, as the affairs of the Nation had been deemed of more importance by his father than any family matters could possibly be.

Being the son of the martyred president, Tad received unusual attention from Miss Jennings, his teacher, and Mr. Broomwell—the principal of the school—was also much interested in his progress. When Mrs. Lincoln moved to a residence on West Washington street, just west of Willard place (and by-the-way the house still stands), Tad was brought

down to the Dearborn school every day, under the care of a colored coachman. But Tad was never very strong, and although I can recall him as a bright boy mentally—albeit he was backward in his studies—he gradually faded away, and died along in 1871 at the Clifton House, where he lived when he first came to Chicago.

Lincoln's surviving son—Robert T. Lincoln—is so well known to Chicago people that a line on him seems to be unnecessary. I last saw him in November, 1920, at the annual meeting of the Pullman company, where he presided as Chairman of the Board of Directors. At the age of 77 he is well and hearty; his mind is as clear and his voice as firm as it was thirty years ago. He lives in Washington and he told me that he played ten holes of golf every day in the year. The reason he plays ten holes is that the tenth hole brings

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him to a road where his motor car can reach him without taking a long walk back to the club house. I asked him, incidentally, if he had seen the play of Abraham Lincoln at the Blackstone Theater. "No!" he said, "I went to a Lincoln play once, and it did not remind me of my father as I wish to remember him!"

About the only other remark I ever heard Mr. Lincoln make in regard to his father, was when a party was dilating upon the collections of Lincolniana in the possession of Charley Gunther and Wm. F. Dummer, and Mr. Lincoln said: "I don't question the authenticity of the letters and writings reputed to be my father's, but if all of the old high hats, long-

tailed coats and cow hide boots that are treasured and exhibited as Lincoln relics were his, then father must have owned a stock of clothing that was something more than unique!"

To pay a commensurate tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln requires a more facile pencil than mine. Lincoln, his greatness and high mindedness has been painted by the ablest masters of rhetoric and oratory in the world, and I can only raise my feeble voice in unison with the great chorus of all humanity which glorifies the name of Abraham Lincoln, and in the Hall of Fame places him side by side with the great Washington.

TWO EVENTS

of especial Social Importance at the
Club During February will be the

VALENTINE'S DAY BALL

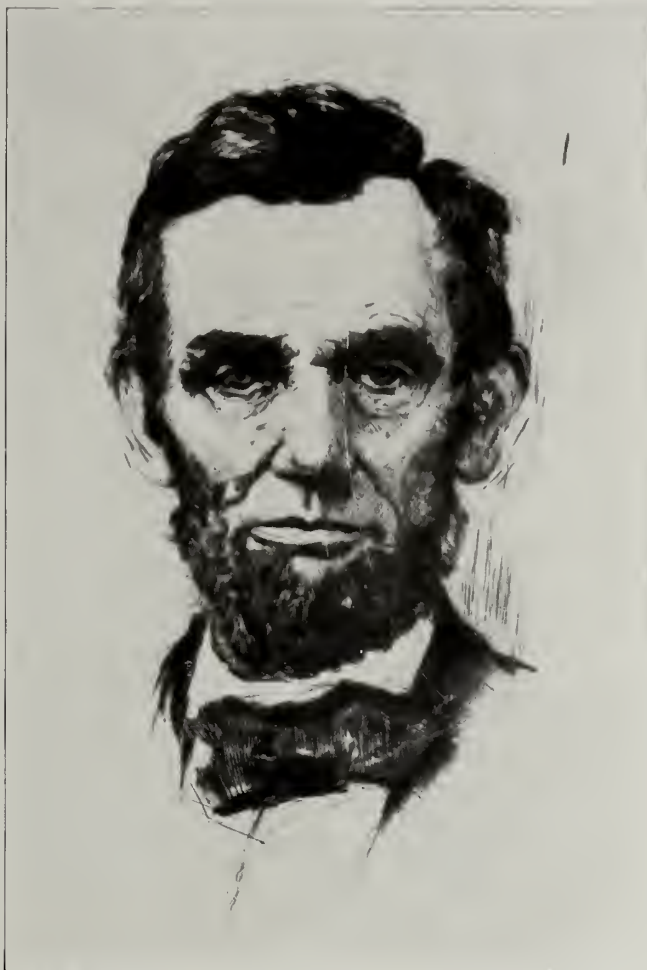
SATURDAY EVENING THE 12th

AND THE

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY BALL

TUESDAY EVENING THE 22nd

FORMAL



From Etching by NUYTTENS

WITH malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

